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repeatedly swearing he could not possibly be mistaken as to the identity of the prisoner.

Poor Michael's appearance and manner interested a crowded audience; and, therefore, when after a considerable interval, the verdict guilty was returned, a general murmur of compassion ran through the court, which was succeeded by a breathless silence, while the awful sentence of death and dissection was pronounced by the Judge with a faltering tongue and glistening eye. Then a shriek so heart-rending burst forth from under the dock as appalled the stoutest, and added to the general sympathy.

It was poor Ellen; she had, with a strong effort, controlled her feelings until the termination of her earthly hopes; then her anguish became too great for endurance; with this cry of despair she sank senseless into the arms of the bystanders, and was borne out of court to the house of a friend, where, after a tedious interval, animation returned, which was quickly followed by the birth of a still-born child; fever and delirium succeeded, and for a long time the widowed wife and childless mother remained on the confines of eternity.

Michael suffered the extreme penalty of the law with great firmness; he had heard the tale of his wife's sufferings, from which at that period it was hourly expected she would be released. He expressed a hope of being reunited to her in a better world, and, to the last, solemnly protested his innocence of the crime for which he was about to pay the forfeit—warned his hearers to avoid bad company, saying, though he blessed God he was not guilty of murder; yet, had he taken his wife's advice, and refrained from going to the still-house, he should not then be in that awful situation.

The last rays of the glorious summer's sun was sinking behind the distant mountains, and glowing with mellowed tint on the ivy-covered walls of a ruined building that stood in the centre of a lonely burial ground. No sound was heard, but the call of the rail from the meadows, and the occasional scream of water-fowl that disported on an adjacent sheet of water.

The path that led from the road to this cemetery was, on this evening, trod by a female, muffled in a large cloak, she walked with slow step and down-cast eyes, entering the bode of death by a breach in the delapidated wall; she felt by a verdant grave, and her lips poured forth a fervent prayer, the subject of which was only known to the hearer and her own soul; her bosom heaved, tears urged each other down a beautiful but pallid face, and rowing herself on the damp grass, she wept long and bitterly.

While thus, as it were, holding communion with departed spirits, a man came up, and regarding her for a moment with a look of intense interest, bent down, touched her arm, and said, in a low voice, "Ellen!" She did not appear to notice this appeal; it was repeated in a more distinct manner, and she replied, "Och! let me alone for a minute; sure I kept up for a long time, an' it'll do me good to be near him now. Och! Mick, dear, dear, why did you leave me alone in the world?"

The man brushed a tear from his eye, and said, in a voice choked by emotion, "Ye're not alone, thanks be to God. Look up, Ellen; don't ye know me?"

This seemed to rouse her; she started up exclaiming, "Mick, dear, are you come to take me?" and would have fallen to the earth had not Michael (for he it was alive and well) caught her in his arms.

A third person was added to the group; Molly Horan had followed them; by her assistance, Ellen was in some time restored to consciousness, and, in a few words, convinced of the reality of what had the appearance of a supernatural visitation.

When Michael's body, after undergoing the sentence of the law, was taken down, the surgeon of the infirmary, who had known him a long time, caused the remains to be instantly removed, and used all means to resuscitate it, in which he was beyond his most sanguine hopes, successful; but as the man's return to life must be kept secret, he had a coffin, well screwed down, given to his friends with strict orders not to open it, which, as the lower orders have a dread of seeing a mangled corpse, there was no danger of their doing.

By the unremitting attention of the surgeon, Michael and his wife (though she was ignorant of his existence) began slowly to recover; and when Ellen was strong enough, she removed to her own house, confident that the disfigured remains of her lamented husband were resting among those of his ancestors.

On the evening that Ellen went to the churchyard, Michael returned to his house. Molly Horan, who had continued to reside with Ellen, was, on his appearance, dreadfully terrified; but, after some time, she recovered her reason. Michael followed his wife to his supposed grave, and the meeting, already related, took place—Molly saying, "Sure Ellen couldn't but win, she had such great courage an' dependence out of God."

As Michael could not publicly remain in the country, they soon emigrated to the New World, and there, amid a blooming offspring, enjoy as much happiness as is the lot of human nature.

W.

*Note.*—The resuscitation of a person who has been executed by hanging, or strangulation, may appear too much out of the ordinary course of things: but there are several instances of such on record, and we have no doubt that others have been restored, of which no account, for obvious reasons, have been given.

## DIE BEIDEN MENSCHENGROSSEN, VON BLUMAUER.

THE TWO SORTS OF HUMAN GREATNESS—BY BLUMAUER.

*A Translation.*

Twofold is the greatness men inherit:

Each is beautiful to human eyes;

Both are woven in the loom of merit;

Yet how different are the threads and dyes!

One is all in glaring light arrayed,

While the other is relieved by shade.

Sunlike, one for ever flashes noonlight,

Burning by its glow the world it warms;

While the other, like the placid moonlight,

Silently by night its task performs.

One will dazzle with its blinding beam,

But the other's is a twilight gleam.

That, a mountain torrent, dashes wildly

Over broken rocks its foaming flood;

This, a rivulet, unseen and mildly

Winds its way among the underwood:

That o'erfloods and desolates the plain—

This refreshes it with dew and rain.

One erects mausoleums proud and lonely,

On the ruins of one-half the earth;

But the other vaults its trophies only

In the grateful tears of rescued worth:

One engraves its glorious deeds on stone,

But the other in the heart alone.

Trumpet tongues the former's praise are swelling;

Round the thrones of kings it sheds its rays;

But the latter, in the poor man's dwelling,

Finds in nature's blessing all its praise.

One to fortune may owe all its fame;

But the other builds itself a name.

Greatness hailed by harp and acclamation!

Boundless art thou as the vault of heaven;

But to gain thine altitude of station

Unto few of mortal mould is given.

Tranquil greatness! at thy shrine I fall;

Thou alone art in the reach of all.

CLARENCE.

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